

these old people had and as they were getting old he decided to leave the boy with his grandparents. His oldest son by his first wife was riding a horse just before they left Canada and it threw him off and killed him. Janet said it was like losing one of her own children when this boy was killed.

During the trip to Nauvoo, Archibald Gardner had some difficulty with his business and William Gardner and his wife helped take care of Margaret and her teams until they got to Winter Quarters.

One night while they were traveling to Nauvoo a strange thing happened. All night long the animals did not rest, they bawled and the chickens squawked and there was no rest for anyone in the camp. It seemed that something terrible had happened. That was the only night that anything like this had happened and it did not happen again. When they reached Nauvoo they heard of the Prophet Joseph Smith's death and then they knew that it had been on the night he had been killed that there had been so much unrest in camp. It was quite a coincidence.

They stayed at Nauvoo until the following spring and then the Saints started their long trek westward. The winter they lived in Winter Quarters was a cold, hard winter. There was a great deal of sickness and death everywhere. The food was inadequate and what there was did not furnish the required strength. They did not have any vegetables or fruits and this caused what was known as "scurvy".

Janet and William had three children, Margaret, Neil and Janet, and William's children, Jane and John. Little Janet was only eighteen months old when she took this disease, scurvy, and passed away. She was buried in Winter Quarters. In the early spring her little boy, Neil, took sick with scurvy. She was almost frantic. She had lost one child with this terrible disease and to have another come down with it was almost too much. One day she heard that a peddler was coming into camp with a few potatoes. She knew this was the only thing that would save him to get some fresh vegetables for him. However, if she waited until he came into camp she probably would not be able to get any for her boy as there were so many who wanted these few potatoes. Therefore, with her baby in her arms she walked out of camp to meet the peddler. He was not allowed to sell very many to each person but she bought what she could and walked back to camp. She fed this little two-year old every bit of these potatoes and he was cured.

And then, after having had all of this trouble, her husband took sick with some kind of disease which turned his legs black above his knees. He lay sick until it was time for them to move on.

They had two teams, one an ox team and the other horses. Janet drove the horses and her husband drove the oxen. Janet had the children in her wagon. There were four children, Jane and John, her stepchildren, and Margaret and Neil, her own children. One day while they were traveling on the plains they came to a creek of water and as it was rather a long distance from water, William decided to give the horses and oxen a drink. Janet was driving the horse team with all the children in her wagon. William took the bits out of the horses' mouths so they could drink better. Something scared them and they bolted. Janet and the children were in the wagon and the lines fell down between the horses. They turned on to a turn-pike road. This was a narrow road with deep gullies on either side. Janet thought if she could get hold of the lines she could stop the horses. She climbed out of the wagon and although

it was very bumpy she managed to. When she tried to pull the lines fainting heart, that the bits were thing loosened on the tongue of the ground.

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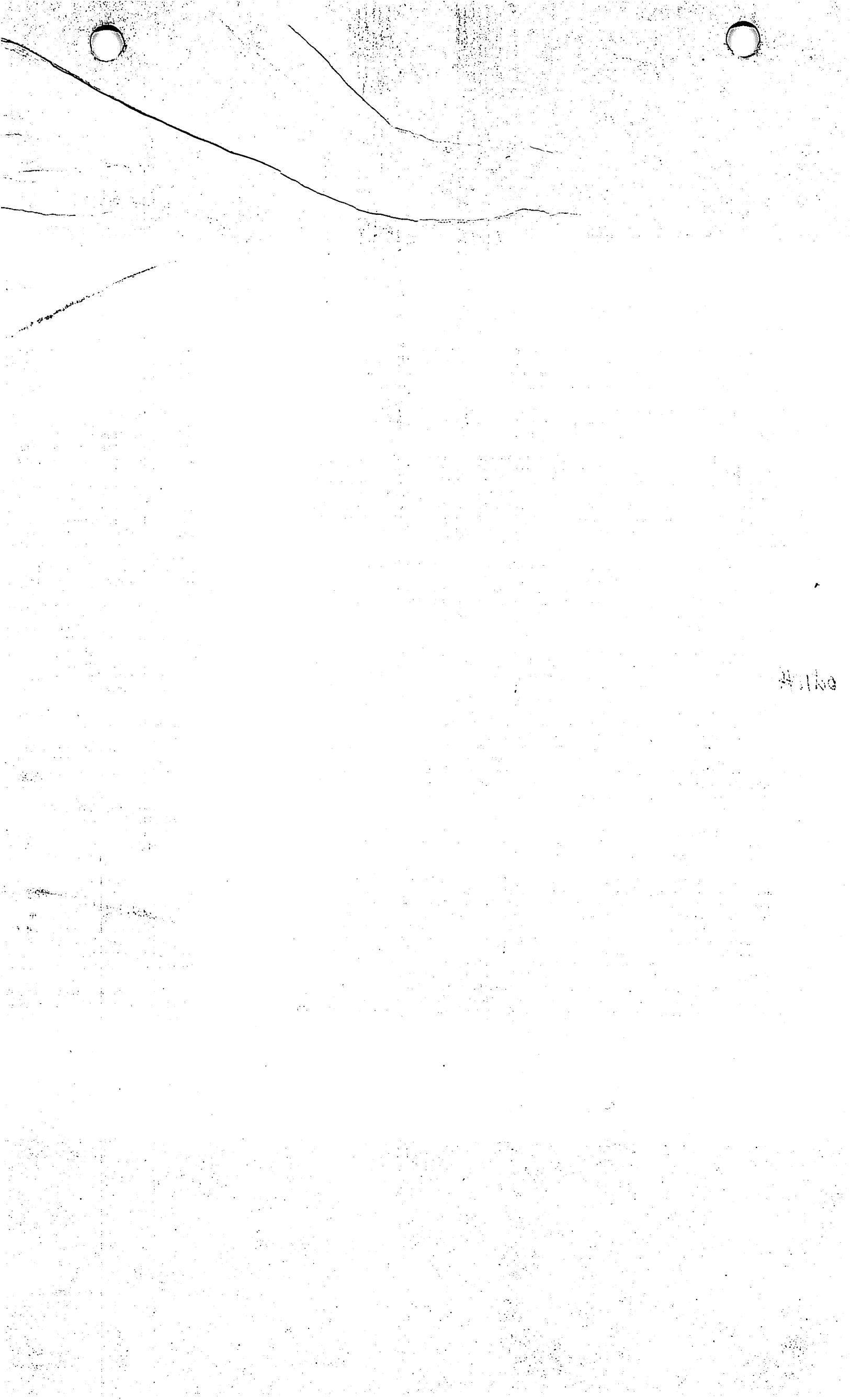
In the spring she planted a next year. She guarded it and with more food for her family the corn came and started devouring this stripped she said, "Will my little But the seagulls came and saved other patches in the Valley, and

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it was very bumpy she managed to get the lines and get back in the wagon. When she tried to pull the lines to get the horses stopped she saw, with a fainting heart, that the bits were out of the horses' mouths. At last something loosened on the tongue of the wagon and the tongue broke, sticking in the ground.

William, of course, had followed her but he had to follow on foot as there were no horses to ride. The horses had stopped by the time he reached her. He unhitched the horses and found a pole or something for a tongue. The other tongue that ran into the ground was never pulled out of the ground. Janet always said the Lord saved her and her children.

They were just one hundred (100) days in making the journey from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake City. They arrived in October, 1847 and settled at the Warm Springs, near where the St. Mark's Hospital now stands (1936). There was no time nor material to build homes after they landed in the Valley so for the first winter their wagons had to be their homes. The animals were turned out on the range to eat and they were settled for the winter. Because of the lack of food in the Valley, William and his son, John, took two riding horses and a pack horse and went back to Missouri to work for the winter and to save the food they had brought for the rest of the family.

All the food that was to be planted was locked up for fear the people would get hungry and eat the seed during the winter. They were all put on rations so there would be plenty of food to last all winter. Janet worried about having enough food for her little children and because her husband had gone back to Missouri she had the full responsibility of getting food for them. One man offered to give her whey if she would come for it. She walked every morning to his place and got the whey. By mixing this with a little of her rations she made a gravy that was a little more strengthening than the plain rations.

In the spring she planted a half acre of wheat for her food supply the next year. She guarded it and worked with it all summer because it meant more food for her family the coming winter. But during the summer the crickets came and started devouring this little patch of wheat. When she saw it being stripped she said, "Will my little family have to starve another winter?" But the seagulls came and saved this little patch the same as they did so many other patches in the Valley, and there was more food the next winter.

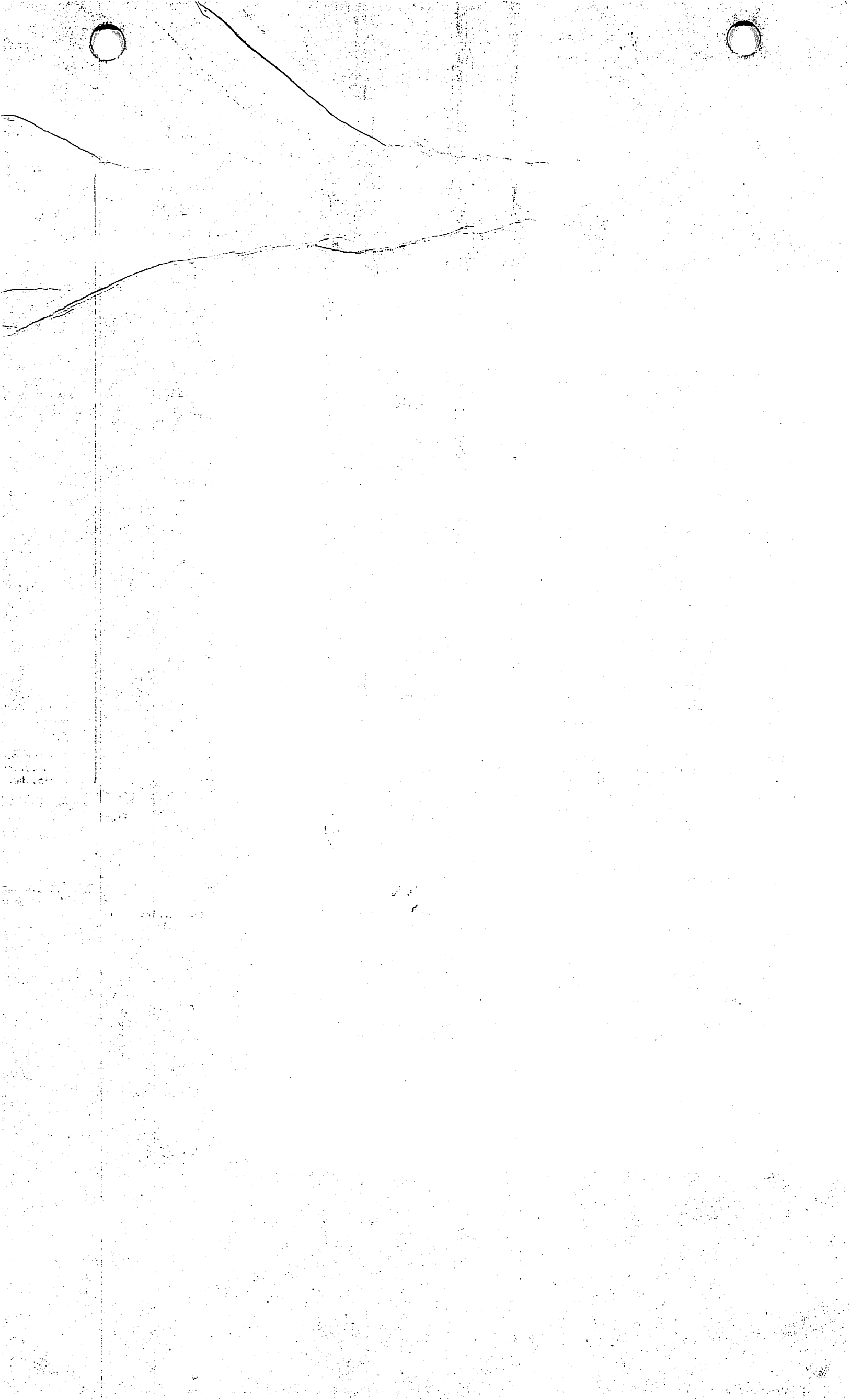
1848-9 During this first winter when William Gardner was in Missouri, Janet lived with his father and mother. These older people were not very strong and Janet did everything she could to help them. During this winter, too, she gave birth to her son, Duncan. When William returned from Missouri Duncan was seventeen months old. *5 June 1848*

To Nov 49 William was gone two years and during this time he had never written nor sent word to his family because mailing facilities were so poor they could not get word back and forth.

When he came he had enough money to build a home in Cottonwood but he did not have enough land for his many boys. They lived here until they had four more boys, Brigham, Heber, Jedediah and Archie. Archie and Jedediah died in Cottonwood when they were babies.

The rumor was that Cache Valley had very fertile soil and was a wonderful place so, in order to have more land, they moved to Cache Valley. They had a





Later when his father heard that John had been seen coming to Cache Valley they started to search for him. Day after day they looked and hunted for this man. The whole community came out to help and his father, although he was almost exhausted, would not give up hunting for his son. One party with William and his son, Neil, was going out to search again. They had gone about a half mile when one of the men looked to the side of the road and said, "There's John now." They turned to look but they could not see him. The man said he knew it was John standing there so they turned to look for him there. They went over the little hill or bluff and there was John, frozen to death. It was impossible for anyone to see him from the trail. At that time the wild animals were so hungry that they would eat anything before it was hardly dead. But this man had been there for almost a week and the wild animals had detoured around the body. It seemed as if his body was guarded.

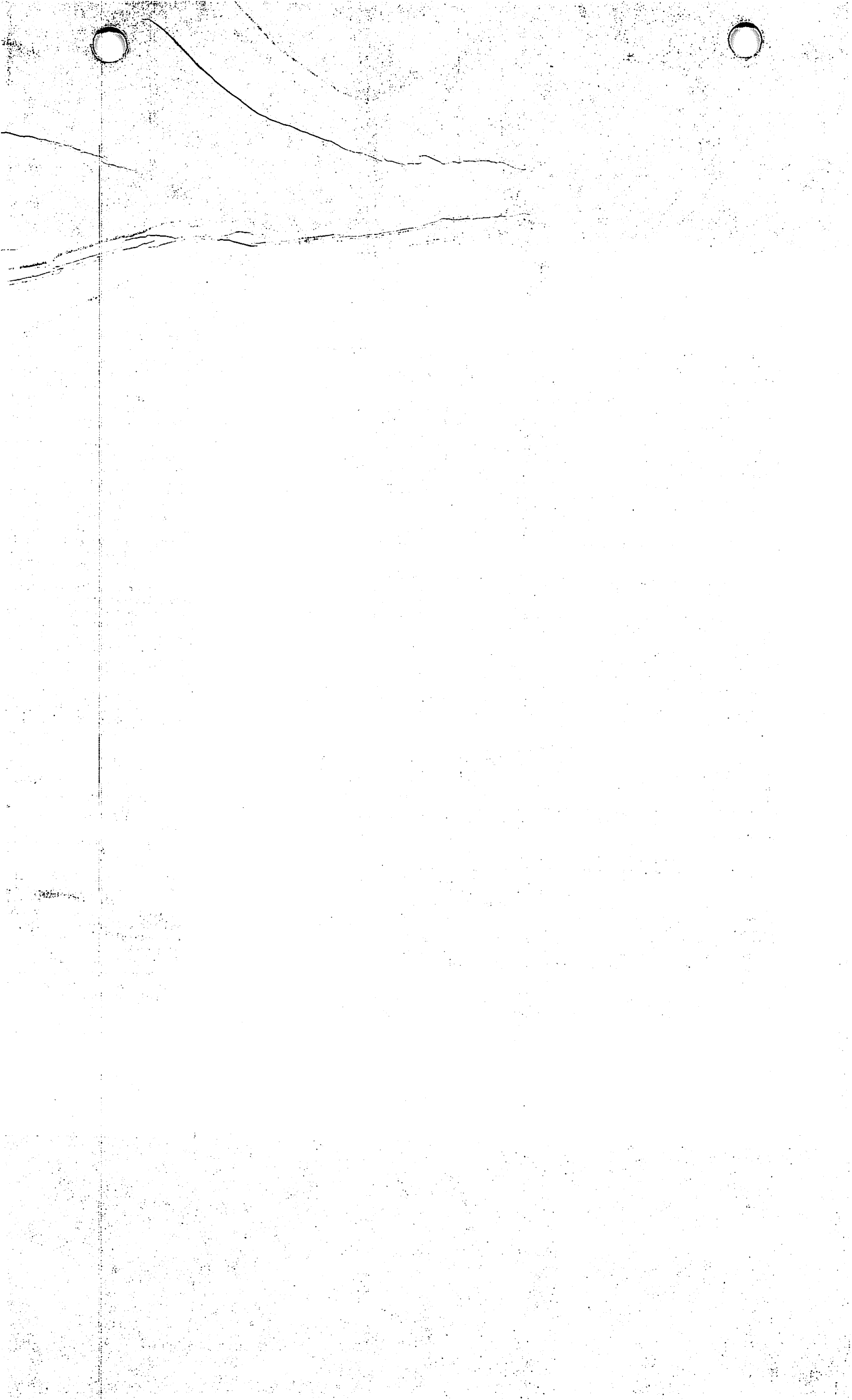
When everybody was talking about California, William got the fever of going there. Many companies were formed and William and his family joined one of them. They did not go for gold and riches but they went because they thought they would be able to raise better crops. Neil was fourteen then. Janet did not want to go. She had always liked Cottonwood and wanted to go back there. But William thought it would be better for his family of boys to go so they went. They left their only daughter, Margaret, who had married Robert B. Hill, in Cache Valley. Every night during that long journey Janet would take her baby, Henry, and go out from the company and, kneeling down on her knees, prayed that she would be able to live to bring her family back to live among the Mormons again.

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James and Thomas Jerome. She moved to Cache Valley with the family, and, of course, when they moved to California she went with them. When she got there she could not live with William because polygamy could not be practiced in that State. She left her two little boys with Janet and went out to work. Her little boy, Thomas Jerome, died soon after they arrived in California. But Mary Smith became interested in another man and, therefore, divorced William and married this man before they left California. Jim did not want to stay with his mother and they brought him back to Utah with them.

When they arrived in California William bought a big farm on the Stanislaw River near Stockton. They became quite wealthy and after they had lived there about seven years, William came in the house one day and said to Janet, "I am going to sell out and go back to Utah". She said she was so thankful and contented when he made that statement because she had been homesick every minute since she left Utah. She was rather surprised, however, and she asked him why he had decided to go home. He said, "My religion and nothing else." He said he was getting too wealthy and he was afraid his faith would not be as strong. As soon as they could get their business straightened up they returned to Utah. They went to West Jordan first and stayed with Margaret and Archie for some time. They then bought a home in Cottonwood, paying a very high price.

After they moved to Cottonwood, William's health began to fail. He had never been as strong since his illness in Winter Quarters and it was this illness that finally proved fatal. They lived in this home for about twenty years. The last two years of his life were spent in a chair and Janet waited on him hand and foot. His appetite was so poor that it was hard for her to find anything he liked to eat. For awhile she killed a little pigeon every day because he could eat them. He never gave her a cross word although he was in pain and an invalid for so long.

*Wm died*

After his death she lived in the old home and had some of her grandchildren stay with her. The last two or three years of her life she lived with her sons, Neil and Heber. She died at the home of Neil in her eighty-fourth year. But she was always homesick for her home in Cottonwood.

She was buried beside her husband in the Cottonwood Cemetery, Murray, Utah. Her sons, Henry, Jim, and Duncan, one daughter, Althea, who was born while they lived in California, had preceded her in death. Henry, Jim and Duncan were mature when they died.

Her life was rather hard but through it all she stayed true to the faith which had brought most of her hardships to her. Her grandchildren who knew her and her understanding ways say that no one can say enough good of her.

Her home on Cottonwood was a four room log house with a long porch extending the full length of the front of the house. A well directly in front of the house had two buckets which drew the water to the surface. And oh! what clear, cold, sparkling water. In those days the only means of keeping walls clean was through whitewashing and Grandma would whitewash her walls each spring and fall, making them always look clean and white. She had a beautiful flower garden. I don't believe I have ever seen such beautiful hollyhocks. She always had a good garden and during the summer always had fresh vegetables. She had a herd of cows which she took extra good care of. She made butter and sold it to the store for the things she needed. She had good clover pastures but when the feed was low she would hire small boys to herd the cows in the fields.







On Sunday she refrained from any unnecessary work and she would not let the boys herd her cows on Sunday. She would take her Bible with her and sit under the trees reading her Bible and watching the cows.

No one ever came to Grandma's unless they had something to eat before they left. She always had a stock of cookies, bread and butter, pie and cake.

In later years she had a Danish lady live with her. She and her son would help Grandma milk and do the work on the farm. She also had some of the family live in part of the house with her.

Her home was a beautiful place. In the evening you could sit on her porch and hear the cow bells tinkle in the distance, the mourning doves cooing in the trees, and the frogs croaking in the ponds. It would certainly give you a lonesome feeling.

After Grandma's death the home was sold to James H. Moyle and he now has summer homes built there. He still keeps the cottonwood groves that were there when Grandma was alive.

---By Mary Ellen Gardner, wife of Neil  
and  
Margaret A. Gardner, daughter of  
Neil - 1936

MARGARET CALAN

Note: There are some areas where memory or misinformation exist in this narrative. The most important of which is that Sarah and Mary, Janet's sisters, lived in Detroit. While compiling this data I found that Sarah and Mary lived in Mosa Township of Ontario, Canada and Glencoe area of Ontario, Canada most of their married life. However, for the most part it is correct as Grandma and Aunt Mardie remembered hearing the events from Janet Livingston Gardner.

---Afton Gardner, granddaughter of  
Mary Ellen and Neil Livingston  
Gardner (1978)

Note: The incident on page 288 with regard to the restless night for animals and people happened while they were still in Canada. They did not leave for Nauvoo until 1846 and Joseph Smith was martyred in June of 1844.

